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Parlyament of Wyndes. a Dialogue.

Wants both Beginn. & End.

There is a ms of it in the Lansd. coll. n<sup>o</sup> 206 (Old catalog.)

Carlsbad  
K.

No man maye now speke of trouthe  
 But his heed be broke and that is routhe  
**The hawke** swoie by his heed of grape **The haw**  
 All sothes be not for to laye **he**  
 It is better some be sette by reason  
 Than trouthe to be spoken out of season  
**The po**  
**Who** say the lytell he is wyle **pynge.**  
 For lytell money is lone spende  
 And fewe wordes are lone amende  
**The haw**  
**The hawke** hade for dyede of payne **he**  
 Speke not moche of thy souerayne  
 For who that wyl forge tales newe  
 When he weneth lest his tale may rewe  
**promp**  
**Then** despyred they grete and small **he**  
 For the hawke for good and all  
 I place a one we wolde he had  
 For his counseyll to us was neuer glad  
**The haw**  
**The hawke** answered ye sate all wyte **he**  
 It is not tyme to me the hawkes pe  
 Comyns of hawkes can but lytell spele  
 They shall not reule them as they wille  
**the nygh**  
**Anone** than linge the nyghtryngale **pynge.**  
 With notes many grete and smale  
 The wyde that can well speke and linge  
 Shall be cheryshed with quene and kinge  
**The haw**  
**The hawke** answered with grete fury **he**  
 The longe is nought that is not mery  
 And who so no better longe can  
 Maketh lyell chere to any man  
**bonne.**  
**Then** rombled the doune for her lot  
 Folke may be mery and linge not  
 Parlyament of byrdes. **All.**

And how so hath no good boyce  
 Must make mery with lytell noyse  
**The hawke** ¶ Whan this reason was forth shewed  
 Lerne quod the hawke o: o: be lewed  
 For the byrde that can not speke ne synge  
 Shall to the kechyn to serue the kyng  
**The felaunt** ¶ Than crowed the felaunt in the wode  
 Domme men he saythe geteth lytell good  
 Wode ne water ne other food  
 It fleteth fro hym as dothe the fode  
**The hawke** ¶ The hawke sayd whan all is sought  
 Grete crowsers were neuer nought  
 For I swere the by my foly  
 He is not moost wysse that is moost foly  
**The mo: recocke.** ¶ Than crowed agayne the mo: recocke  
 The hawke byngeth moche thyng out or nore  
 The osyll wysseleth and byrdes blake  
 He must hane a do that a do dothe make  
**The hawke** ¶ I must sayd the hawke by all my helles  
 Saye for my selfe whan none wyll ciles  
 He is not grete to reprent  
 That speketh with his fouerayns leue  
**p. botoze.** ¶ Than blussed the botoze in the fenne  
 The cote/the doobchyl/and the water henne  
 The hawke that dothe vs all this dere  
 We wolde he were sowled in the myze  
**The hawke** ¶ The hawke sayd wyllhers wanton wyll  
 Whether they speke loude o: still  
 Whan all this done was sayd and laste  
 Every man must lyue by his crafte  
**The malarde.** ¶ Than coked the malarde and the gosse  
 They may best fle that are lose

He is well that is at large  
That nedeth not the kynges grete charge  
The hawke sayd thoughe they fle lose  
They muste obey they may not chole  
Who hathe a mayster or a make  
He is tyed faste by the stake

The haw  
ke

Then creaked the heron and the crane  
Grette trouble make wyttes lame  
He is well auyled that can bere hym lowe  
And suffre every wynde to ouerblowe

the heron

The hawke sayd who can blowe to plesse  
Longe neckes done grete esse  
For the compyns that haue no rest  
Beneth not euer with the beste

The haw  
ke

The pertryche/ quayle/ and lark.

The pertryche/ quayle/ and lark in felde  
Sayd here may not auayle but spere and shelde tryche.

The per

The hawke with vs maketh grete batayle  
In euery countre where he maye auayle

The hawke sayd who so wyllfully wyll fyght  
May make hym wronge sone of his ryght  
Lawe is best I vnderstonde

The haw  
ke

To ryght all thyng in euery lounde

Then chyde the robyn and the wyenne  
And all small byrdes that bereth pen  
Aynst the hawke the communes must aryse  
And helpe them selfe on theyr best wyse

the robyn  
And the  
wyenne.

The hawke made the wyenne his answere  
Small power maye lytell bere  
And who wyll lyue in rest longe  
Maye not be hely with his tonge

The haw  
ke

Then prayed all the comyn house  
Parlyament of byrdes.

the comf.

That some myght the hawke slay  
For foule ne byrde by water ne londe  
He was destroyed and he may stonde  
In his nest may none abyde  
In countre where he dothe glyde  
They fethers plucked many a folde  
And leueth them naked in full grete colde  
Unthynketh therfore the reason good  
To destroye the hawke and all his bloode

the kynge & his loz<sup>es</sup> States may not the hawke forgoe  
des. For by no lyme his kynde destroye

The coz  
nyllhe da  
we.

The hawke. **T**hou cornys the quod the hawke by thy wyll  
ke. Say well of holde the styll  
for thou haste herde of many a man

the kinge **T**han answered þ kyng of þ byrdes by rewe  
 11. by cometh not to the parlyament the crowe  
 for good counseill reformeth euery myste  
 And it betokeneth where it is

The hawke. The hawek sayd it is no lesse  
ke. Counsell is good in watte and pefe  
But the crocke hath no brayne

For to gyue counseyll but of the rayne

¶ Then sayd the nyghtwhale with his heed gay the nyght *hughwall. the*  
he shameth vs with his parlyament araye whale.

It is a terme with Johan and Jacke

Wroken stur draweth arme a backe

¶ The hawke sayd he shall thyrue full late

The haw  
ke.

That loketh to kepe a grete estate

And can not with all his wyldome

Gete hymselfe an hole godwne

¶ The pecoke and the swanne.

¶ Than sayd the pecoke and the swanne

Who no good hath no good canne

And lytell is his wytte sette by

That hathe not to bete out company

¶ The hawke sayd he is wozle than wode

The haw  
ke.

That maketh hym frellhe w other mennys good

Or ought wyll bozowe and neuer paye

Or with wronge gereth galaunt araye

¶ Than in his hole sayd the specke

the specke

I wolde the hawke brake his necke

Or brought in to mylcheuous dale

For of euery byrde he telleth a tale

¶ The hawke sayd thoughe thy castell be in ytre

The haw  
ke.

Bylde not aboue thy degre

For who so theweth ouer hye

The chypes wyll fall in his eye

¶ Than sayd the kynge it is our entente

the kynge

To mende the crows rayment

And all the byrdes sayd anone

Of eche of our faders he shall haue one

¶ The hawke sayd he may sone come to honeste

The haw  
ke.

That euery man helpeth in his poste



For as teacheth vs the lerned clerke  
 Many handes maketh lyght werke  
 the tydyf **T**I saye quod the tydyf we kenty the men  
 fre. We maye not gyue the crowe a pen  
 For with them that are not sobye and good  
 A byrde in hande is worthe two in the wood  
 The hawke **T**he hawke sayd I take me to my crede  
 ke Who so wyll spende with you he maye spede  
 Aytell ye gyue but ye wote why  
 Ye make the blynde ere many a flye  
 þ crowe **T**han þ crowe was put in his araye  
 I am not now as I was yesterdaye  
 I am able without offence  
 To speke in the kynges presence  
 The hawke **T**he hawke sayd to the compyns bydene  
 ke Enuye and pryde wolde fayne be sene  
 He is worthy none auydence to haue  
 That can not say but knaue knaue  
 þ comþse **T**han asked the byrdes by aduysment  
 Who is that taketh to vs no tente  
 He presumeth befoze vs all to fle  
 To the kynges hygh maieste  
 The hawke **T**he hawke answered to the whyte semewe  
 ke He is the sovy blacke crowe  
 And for hym fareth no man the better  
 Lette hym crowe therfoze neuer the gretter  
 þ lordes **T**han sayd the lordes euerychone  
 We wyll aske of the kyng anone  
 That euery byrde shall resume  
 Agayne his fether and his plume  
 And make the crowe agayne a knaue  
 For he that nought hath nought shall haue



¶ Than sayd the hawke as some men sayne

Borrowed wate wyll home agayne

And who wyll herken what all men doos

May go helpe to go the goos

¶ For to crowe spake the cormorant

And of his rule made grete auaunt

Suche worlthys is wofull that every man haue

As the kynges hyghnes bouchelaue

¶ Hit is lotte quid þ hawke that thou doost say

Whan all thurneth to spote and playe

Thou mayst leest speke for the crows selfe

For all thyngs loueth that is lyke hym selfe

¶ Then prayd the hole parlyamente

To the kyng wth out assent

That eury byde her fedet myght

Take frome that proude knyght

¶ The kyng sayd ye shall leue haue

A knyght sholde neuer come of a knaue

All thyngs wyll the we frome whens it come

Where is his place and his home

¶ Now trewely sayd the hawke then

It is grete comforte to all men

Of the kynges grete prosperite

Whan the kyng ruleth wll his domynite

¶ Than was plucked fro the crowe anone

All his feders by one and by one

And leste in blacke in stede of reed

And called hym a page of the kynges bed

¶ Quod þ hawke þ crowe is now as he shold be

A kynde knaue in his degre

And he that weneth that no byde is hym lyk

Whan his feders are plucked he may hy go yke

The haw  
ke

The cormo  
rant.

The haw  
ke

The hole  
pyamēt.

the kyng

The haw  
ke

The haw  
ke

**p comysse.** **T**han made the comyns grette noyse  
 And asked of the lordes with one voyce  
 That they wolde the hawke relese  
 Dute of this londe manerly  
**p comysse.** **P**reuer to come agayne by the  
**the kynge** But the kynge sende for hym byder  
 Hyth to trust we haue in the son  
 For it is preued in truste is reason  
**the hawke** And sythe ye saye he shall not not dye  
**the kynge** Plucke of this hokes and let hym flye  
**p lordes** **T**o that sayd the lordes we presende  
 This statute and othe to amende  
**the hawke** So in this that ye accorde  
**p comysse.** **T**o put all in our souerayne lorde  
**the hawke** **T**he comyns sayd it is grette skyl  
 All thynge to be at the kyngs wyll  
**the hawke** And vnder the hande of hys grette myghte  
 By grace his people to seke his ryght  
**the hawke** **T**han sayd the hawke now to now to  
 Thus goeth the worlde in well and wo  
**the hawke** **T**han sayd the kynge in his maieste  
 We wyll dyspyer this grette scumle  
 He commaunded his chauncelers  
 The best statutes to rede that he myght here  
 Thus the fynall Iugement  
 He redde of the bydes parlyament  
 Wheder they be whyte or blake  
 None shall others feders take  
**the hawke** **N**or the tawyn plucke the pecocks taylor  
**the hawke** **T**o make hym freshe for his auayle  
**the hawke** **F**or the comyns feders wante  
**the hawke** **F**or with some they be ryght shante

